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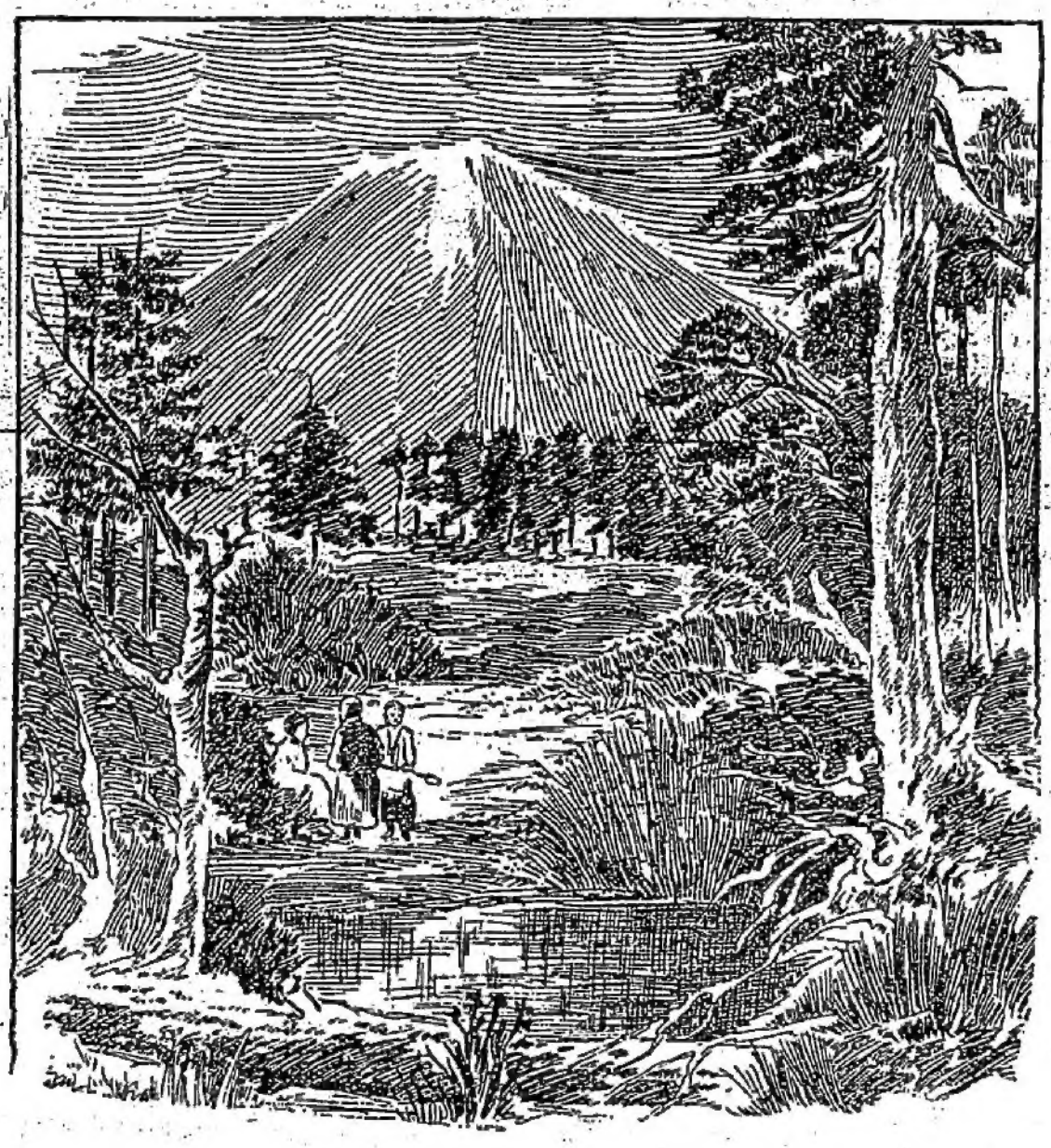
Two important messages are addressed to the readers of the 'Messenger,' this week. We should like to have given them each more space; but space is precious in this paper, Nevertheless, turn to them on the last page, and read them carefully, and then act promptly. Each so doing will greatly help the publishers in their work of providing this country with the best of daily and weekly journalism.

The Ascent of Fuji Yama.

('Cottager and Artisan.')

Fuji Yama, in the great Empire of Japan, is known as the 'Sacred Mountain.' Its crater, with the Buddhist shrine hard by, is annually visited by many thousands of pious pilgrims, who combine religious fervor with their love of the beautiful, and in making this pilgrimage enjoy also the grand panorama of views to be obtained from the heights as they ascend.



DISTANT VIEW FUJI YAMA.

The eruptions of Fuji Yama (for it is a volcano) are recorded by Japanese writers from the ninth century, while the immense clouds of vapor put forth by the crater continued rising more or less frequently until nearly the close of the fourteenth century. Since that time the volcanic fires seem to have died out, or nearly so, only sending out at rare intervals, a faint puff of mist-like smoke from the eastern side of the crater.

The form of the mountain, right from its base, is that of a vast pyramid. Isolated, almost as an island might be in a waste of water, it rises abruptly to the height of two and one-third miles above the level of the sea, a towering shape of majesty and beauty.

The summit peak of the mountain during ten months of the year is always to be seen covered with snow, while the steep sides of the ascent, bare in winter; green in summer, assume strange changes of shape and color, according to the lights and shadows, the sunshine and clouds, which touch them into varying beauty; some of the rocks, formed of volcanic deposits, glittering like massed jewels in the broad glare of day.

Thus grand, beautiful, and mysterious, what wonder if this sacred mountain is held in high reverence by the superstitious? It forms the subject of the poet's verses, the bard's song. It is imaged upon the lacquer-work for which the 'Japs' are so famous, and it is painted on precious porcelain, as well as on fans and other articles useful and ornamental.

The pilgrims who make a religious duty of the ascent are in the habit of clothing themselves all in white for the expedition. They cover their heads with a huge white hat having the shape of a giant mushroom, to shelter them from the hot sun. Among the pilgrims may be seen some whose white garments are dusty and frayed and worn. These men are held in the highest veneration by their fellows, for this condition of their dresses—donned only for the purpose of ascending the sacred mountain—shows that they have often made the pilgrimage.

It is said that no really pious pilgrim would be so sacrilegious as to clean off the sacred dust from his clothing, or mend the frayed hem of a garment worn to rags on the crags and cinder paths of Fuji Yama. And indeed why should he, when both dust and rags are counted to him for righteousness?

Notwithstanding its height, Fuji Yama presents no danger and few difficulties to the climber, and there are six different routes by which the tourist or pilgrim may ascend. Like the Alpine mountaineer, the Japanese pilgrim avails himself of a climbing-pole, and upon it are carved or printed the sacred words Fuji Yama.

There are ten stations, or stopping-places where a pause is made for rest and refreshment on the upward journey, Each of these during the summer-time is looked after by a man who can let you have some kind of a shake-down if you wish to pass the night there, or will sell you tea or anything in the way of food you may require.

The paths up the mountain are formed of cinders and other deposits of former eruptions, trodden into an even track by pilgrims' feet; and now, as the tourist ascends he sees before him, toiling painfully up, the weary and way-worn groups. At every step the pilgrims leave broken fragments of their sandals. These are rudely constructed of rice straw, and are brittle and soon come to pieces, to be replaced by fresh ones carried by the wearers in their knapsacks.

Every turn in the winding way, every sharp corner rounded, reveals some sudden and wonderful change of view, more and more extensive and beautiful as a higher altitude is reached.

At last, arrived at the crater, the pilgrims, weary and panting, rejoice to find running close by a crystal stream of pure water. This is called the silver stream, or sacred water, and a cup brimming over with the sparkling fluid is handed to each traveller.

The actual crater of Fuji Yama forms a huge irregular circle. It is surrounded by volcanic crags, which some violent convulsion of nature seems to have contorted into all sorts of fantastic forms. The highest peak is on the western side, and in this part of the mountain the rocks are of all shapes and sizes.

Inside the crater, a long way down, the snow often lies even in summer, and all around and about in the yawning gulf is a chaos of broken and burnt stone, ashes, and fused minerals, some of the masses glowing rosy-red, others gleaming with a sulphurous yellow.

Not far from the crater stands the Buddhist temple or shrine, built upon a platform hewn out of the solid rock. It is an insignificant little wooden building; but near it is hung a big bell, which every pilgrim is supposed to ring to announce his arrival at the goal of his hope.

The temple is surrounded by various small wooden shanties, where sleeping accommodation and food are supplied. Certificates are also dispensed to pilgrims, to certify to others that the ascent of the Sacred Mountain has really been made.

The descent of Fuji Yama is rapid enough, especially the latter part of it, where the traveller may take long slides over the worn, polished surface of volcanic deposits, and thus make progress without exertion or fatigue.

Willie.

A SKETCH FOR SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

(By Mrs. Eugenie Loba Beckwith.)

Having experienced many of the discouragements that beset the work of a teacher, it will be a compensation if, in this sketch, I may, 'speak a word in season to him that is weary.'

I shall never hear the name of Willie, but it will present to me the pictures of my little friend as I saw him first and last.

During my vacation, he had been brought into the primary department, so I had the pleasure of enjoying only the rehearsal of his very evident surprise and delight at the entirely new world into which he had been introduced. But I noted at once, on that third Sunday, the intense interest and concentration with which he gave himself to the business in hand, a certain joyful intentness which was an inspiration to us all.

After the class, the church visitor came into the room, and gave me some points about new scholars.

'What an earnest, yet merry, little soul the new boy is!' said the teacher.

Then came the explanation from the visitor that this little German boy had never before been in a Sunday-school. A lady had one day come to her, saying, 'There are some little foreign children who play in our street, and in their ignorance they have picked up the very worst street talk. The boys are terribly profane. Something should be done to bring them under good influences.'

Their busy mother was ready to abet this scheme, and the next Sunday a trio of curious, questioning children took a great step in life, — a step fraught with so much importance in its after effect upon many lives, that one wonders that so many angels are kept out of Paradise simply for lack of a friendly hand to lead them to the threshold.

What a revelation that first Sunday was to smiling, dimpling Willie, no one would ever have guessed from the jumbled ideas he carried away.

On the homeward walk, the visitor, who had the three in loving charge, asked Willie what he had learned that day.

Promptly, and with all sincerity, came the answer:

'About God—and Sullivan.'

Suffice it to say that the lesson had been 'Solomon's Temple.'

The description of the royal glory may have confused Willie; but God came first in the retrospect.

Though having a long distance to come, almost every Sunday found Willie in his place, eager to pass the papers and leaflets, beaming over the penny-dropping, radiant when there was a birthday, and counting ahead with proud anticipation to the time when one should occur for himself, or his brother or sister.

He was such a gay little fellow, so full of fun and activity, that we did not realize how fast he was absorbing truth. But there came a day, only a few weeks after his admission to the class, when we felt humbled in the presence of this teachable spirit. In the neighborhood where Willie lived, someone who had noticed the improvement in the speech of these children, who through ignorance had offended Christian ears, overheard an oath from the little brother, and the quick, sharp retort from Willie.

'Stop that right off! You can't talk like that about God now. You've been to the Sunday-school, and you know better.'

Brave little champion! When we heard of that noble defence, there flashed upon us the message, 'If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.' Then followed self-searching from the two teachers, who, strong in their convictions that goodness should be taught from the side of goodness, could not remember having called attention particularly to the sin of profanity.

In reciting the Commandments, the principal had pointed out the 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain,' and had dwelt a moment on 'false witness,' but it had not seemed well to lay too great stress upon these prohibitions before such young children.

Willie's teacher said, with tears in her eyes, 'Where could that dear child have got it from? I certainly never talked to him about swearing, yet I feel reproved that it was not my privilege to have been the one to help him in this.'

It was simply an instance of good seed in waiting soil. We had taught and Willie had put into practice,

'My heart is God's little garden,
And the fruit I shall bear each day,
Are the things He shall see me doing,
And the words he shall hear me say.'

When we were practicing for Easter and Children's Day, Willie was bubbling over with delight, and could not get enough of the two songs, 'Jesus loves the little children,' and 'Day by day the glorious sun.'

The time came when it was very hard for us to sing those songs with Willie's jubilant voice and happy face lacking; but the little sister always called for them, and one cannot disappoint a child just to spare one's own feelings.'

Later, strength and gladness came to us when, in the third verse of Willie's favorite, we sang, with the children:

'By and by, for those that love him,
He will come some happy day,
Lead them to the pleasant pastures
Of the land not far away.
Oh! the safe and happy children
In the land not far away.'

Willie had attained unto the joy of having his ninth birthday celebrated in Sunday-school, He could not help calling attention to his neat new suit and shining boots. He felt so manly that he wanted very much to be promoted into the upper school on the next Sunday.

But he had had so short a training, and was so happy in the primary department, that it seemed like robbing him of his childhood to let him go. It certainly would be a loss to us. The blackboard lesson was about 'bread,' and the teacher took the occasion to speak of physical food and physical growth, spiritual food and spiritual growth.

With this beginning it was easy to add, 'One of our boys here thinks he would like to be promoted next Sunday, but we want him to grow a little more before he leaves us.' The new suit, the bright face, the nearness of the boy, or some hidden inner impulse, led the principal to rest her hand a moment on Willie's curly head.

The next day a note from the visitor brought this news:

'Little Willie was drowned this afternoon. It would be a comfort to his mother if you went to her.'

So we mingled our tears, and strove to comfort one another in reviewing that brief sunshiny life. The mother spoke of his pleasure in the Sunday-school songs, his going about the house always singing them, and urging his parents to learn them too. They would so like to have one of his favorites sung at the last service.

Again I saw the new suit, the curly head, and the beautiful, smiling mouth, as if at the very last moment Willie had known of his promotion.

I sat between the weeping father and mother, and through the open window saw the yard full of Willie's little friends and playmates. They were whispering to each other kind words about his ways and words at school.

Then the gentle voice of the pastor was heard in comforting sentences full of gratitude for the lesson of a life that had been so joyous, and had, with a beautiful simplicity, tried to do the thing God would have him do.

Three verses of Willie's hymn were sung by a rich voice, made more mellow by tears. Then came a fourth, which was like a message from the dear boy. I had not seen that stanza nor heard it till then, and it fell upon my heart with wonderful, moving power. Such a faithful message for those little friends outside to hear.

'Who shall go to that bright land?
All who love the Lord,
All who follow his command,
All who keep his word,
Come, children, come, and join the band
Journeying to that happy land.'

Nearly a year later the principal of Willie's school asked, 'Are there any birthdays to-day?' Then little Max raised his hand. Said the teacher, 'Have you not made a mistake, Max? Your birthday came only a little while ago, I think.'

'Yes, but this is for Willie's birthday,'

It was something more than ten pennies that dropped into the birthday bank that day, as with wet eyes we kept Willie's anniversary, and told the children of his year in heaven, and his happy way of obeying, and doing the right thing as far as he knew it.—'S.S. Times.'

A Smiling Face.

Does anyone like a drizzling rain
As well as a sunny sky?
Does anyone turn to a frowning face
If a pleasant one is nigh?

Oh, give us all the look that springs
From a kindly nature's grace!
We do not care if he's dark or fair—
The boy with a smiling face.

Does anyone like a lowering cloud
As well as the shining light?
Does a peevish word have power to please
Like a laugh that is sweet and bright?

Oh, the girl that is gloomy with fretful scowls,
Though she dresses in silk and lace,
Hath never such art to charm the heart
As the girl with a smiling face.

Dear boys and girls, remember this—
You are apt to meet with loss,
No matter what thing you undertake,
When you're sullen, and sour, and cross.

Dear boys and girls, I would say it thrice;
'Twill help you in every case;
If you'd win success and the world would bless,
You must wear a smiling face.

—'Silver Link.'

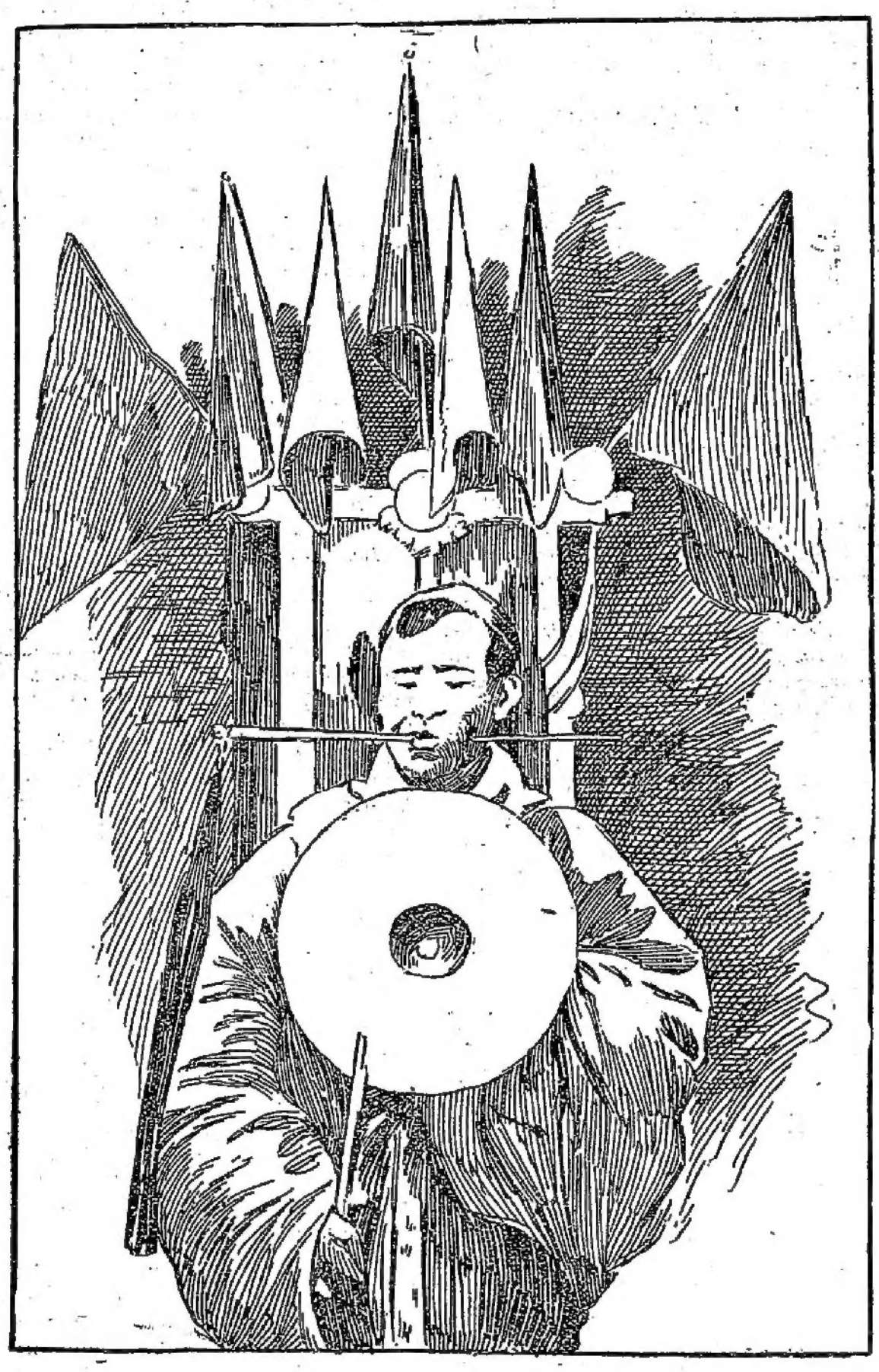
BOYS AND GIRLS

Heathen and Christian Benevolence in China.

(Mrs. Harlan P. Beach, in 'Life and Light.')

It is not uncommon to hear some zealous Chinese probationer exhort a heathen friend with the words: 'You ought to join the Jesus sect. It won't cost you any money for their worship.' Poor souls! It is no wonder that a religion which is 'without money and without price' appeals to them.

In a heathen home the first expense is for the idols themselves. The paper gods which



A MENDICANT PRIEST.

are pasted on the gateways into the courts, on the doors of the houses, and over the kitchen fireplace, do not cost much. But if there is a little Buddha in a handsome shrine in a corner of the room, and ancestral tablets to the spirits of the departed, the outlay is considerable.

When the family wish to say their prayers, it must be with burning incense. A religious feast comes around, and all night long the air resounds with pounding fireworks and crackling firecrackers. If it is the New Year's feast the booming continues for the greater part of ten nights. The ears of spirits, good and evil, are electrified by this means at an annual expense of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Here on one of the business streets is a little shop, which has for sale gayly decorated cakes, piled up into fantastic castles, pyramids, and towers, and trimmed with knots of fringed gold and silver paper. These are some of the offerings to be left for the gods at the temple by the devout worshipper. In another shop are various articles manufactured from paper for the same purpose. The most common imitation is of money, some of the copper cash—big discs, with square holes in the centre—others gold and silver paper 'shoes,' the shape in which these metals are moulded for circulation. But the objects of sacrifice are not confined within a few special shops. Flowers, grain, meat, silk, and jade—all are given in costly offering to heaven and earth, sun, moon, and stars, gods and spirits, to be wafted heavenward on wings of fire.

The services of both Buddhist and Taoist priests, not only at funerals but at stated periods afterward, for readings and prayer, are not among the smallest items of expense, nor are the collections which they solicit in various ways. One form of appeal, which is commonly made for temple repairs, is especially hard to resist. Among the street noises, some day, will sound the beating of a sharp metallic gong, and soon a pitiful figure, beating it, will come in sight. It is a mendicant priest, in soiled and ragged garments, carrying on his back a standard from which float several flags, and, horrible to see, his cheek pierced with a skewer, which he has vowed to wear until the sum is raised. The priest photographed here carried his for a month. So, in great ways, and small, their religion makes financial demands upon them. It is estimated that if the sum expended were averaged to each person, it would be about one-third of a cent daily, and that the entire amount for a year would exceed four hundred million dollars.

While the change to another religion strikes them as a relief in point of expense, it is doubtful if, after all, their offerings are grudgingly made. Certainly the universal and constant daily service is an example to us. Although the first impression of the new convert may be that, henceforth, his religion will cost him nothing, his eyes are soon opened. It is true that he does not any longer need to buy his gods, or to confess sins and offer thanks with incense and sacrifice. But the calls to serve with his substance him from whom all that he has came, are not over. Probably the habit of spending money in heathen worship is some help in Christian giving. But the motives are so different in each, that the training in the one hardly answers for the other. There was nothing in the old system to teach them unselfishness. It is the reigning principle of the new one.

Another reason why gifts from native Christians do not swell to larger amounts is because that, as yet, most of the church members are from the poorer classes. Many of them are so very poor, too poor to eat meat or in the north, even rice; too poor to have fire in their homes except at night; to buy water enough to keep clean; to have house room enough to live decently. There are so many little mouths to fill, and little backs to cover, and crops so often fail because of floods or drought—how can the missionary ask of such people that they carry on the work of the Lord?

And yet in just such barren soil has blossomed some of the sweetest flowers of loving sacrifice and self-denial. The average annual contributions of church members throughout China is not discouraging. A careful estimate in 1890 showed it to average a dollar per member, which in money value to them would be equal to ten times more. Sixty-eight churches were wholly self-supporting.

There are a few cases where wealthy Chinese have come into the Church, and their liberality has been all that one could wish for. One illustration is Mr. Tsang, of Foochow, whose gift of $10,000 to the Methodist Anglo-Chinese College, is well known.

One of the features of our Sunday morning service at Tung-cho, is the thump in the collection box of the string of copper cash always thrown in by one of our Bible-women. She decided early in her Christian life to give one-tenth of her meagre salary to the Lord, and she has never failed to have it ready. As the years have gone by, and little grandchildren have crowded around her door, we have wondered if their

needs would not steal away some of that precious reserved cash; but they never have.

A few years ago the pledge system was introduced into this church. Every member took home a pledge card to think and pray over, and then return to the treasurer with the amount on it which he would agree to give. The promises have been well kept, and contributions were increased three-fold. This is one of the few churches in the mission which now supports its own pastor.

One Christmas they had a unique celebration. There was an unusual amount of destitution in the neighborhood, owing to the summer floods, and on Christmas eve the chapel was open for contributions of food, clothing, and fuel for the distressed. Every one of the three hundred and fifty present brought something, even the little children. One little mite raised a general laugh by toddling up the aisle with an immense Chinese cabbage, almost as tall as herself, in her arms. The delight in the homely faces was good to see as they looked over their pile of stores, and estimated that forty-five tiao (about eighteen dollars) worth of goods had come in.

A BUDDHIST PRIEST AND ATTENDANT.

How Little Jack Obeyed the Fifth Commandment.

'I'm sure I shan't take the trouble,' exclaimed Bob to his younger brother Jack, whom he thought a very poor creature compared to himself, for Bob was thirteen, and had passed the third standard at the board school, and was going to leave, and earn his own living, while Jack was only ten, and small, moreover, for his age. Rather timid, too, in manner; but in manner only, as there was nothing Jack wouldn't do if he thought it was right, while Bob's courage was only in manner, being quite a chicken at heart, and always sneaked away when he had any real difficulty to face.'

As, for instance, to-day, when something having happened in their small family of themselves and their father, about which this story will tell, Bob instead of giving any help would only taunt the one who meant to do all he could, and tell him he must think himself clever to try to help, and that it was not his affair at all.

'Just like you, setting people down, you prig!' cried Bob, looking with scorn at his little brother, as he trotted along at his side on their way home from school, their last day before the June holidays began, and what their little tiff had been about was as to whether they would ask their father to join the Band of Hope for grown-up people, as the schoolmaster had asked all the boys to do during the holidays, and, in fact, had got them to promise they would. Indeed, Bob, had promised, but then had only done so to save himself the trouble of being 'jawed at,' (as he called it) by the master; while Jack, when he promised anything, considered it the right thing to keep it, let the consequences be what they might. But that was not at all Bob's idea of life. He hated trouble of any sort, and meant to lead a happy-go-lucky life — like his father before him had.

Now, the father of these two boys always boasted that he meant 'to enjoy himself,' by which he meant (for there's no harm in rightly enjoying life), working just as little as he could, and spending as much of what he earned as he could upon drink. Yes, that was his idea of enjoyment! And a more miserable idea one could scarcely imagine.

However, to his two sons, who had no other parent (their mother having died soon after little Jack was born, and while Bob was only a little fellow), Mr. Brown seemed a very nice sort of father, indeed, much nicer than some of the other fathers, who were always scolding their children, and very severe when they punished them. Mr. Jones was never cross with them, not even when they played truant, or left their lessons unlearned, or played practical jokes on the neighbors; he just laughed, and drank another glass of ale, and then went out—to smoke his pipe, as he said, or call on a friend. So really the boys saw little of him, and never troubled their heads about what fathers were like in most families, until one day, not long after this story begins, when something happened which caused their eyes to be opened, and made them cease to have that respect for their father which is the saddest thing in the world to have to lose.

The weather had been bad, cold and wet, though it was the 'merry' month of May, and Bob and Jack had not been able to stop to play at school as they often did after afternoon lessons were over. Not that they particularly minded it that day, as a much better treat was in store; their father having promised to take them to see the fireworks at the Crystal Palace, and which, though they had often seen them from a distance, with their beautiful stars shooting high into the air and falling divided into countless gems of brilliant color and resplendent brightness, making them hold their breath with wonder and delight, they had never yet seen the terrace fireworks, which they had been told were very funny and exactly like real things — such as ships in battle, children dancing, immense peacocks with glistening tails, the feathers dropping off one by one till the bird was left all stripped and bare, and others equally amusing.

'Have your tea, boys,' said their father, as he went off to work in the morning, 'and meet me at the Penge gate into the grounds, and then I'll find you a capital place to stand in the crowd and look at them.'

So the boys had their tea. They knew well how to get it for themselves, if their father was out or the next-door neighbors, who often looked in, would help them—a nice, middle-aged woman whose husband worked in the Palace, and was very kind, had, in fact, got them their tickets for to-night's firework performance. And tea over, they started, and, in the very best of spirits, laughing and cutting jokes together, as is the manner of boys. It had been very muddy all day, but was now clearing up beautifully, only the roads were very wet and muddy, and as the boys had blacked their boots and made them shine again, they had to take great care not to tread in any of the puddles, of which there were so many, and arrived at the appointed place of meeting looking very trim; but no father was to be seen. However, they knew they were early, so he was sure to come soon; and at first they waited patiently. But when a quarter of an hour had passed, and then half an hour, they began to get fidgetty, for already had the Roman candle sounded the signal for the people to take up their positions on the terrace, the only place allowed to see them from, and a good twenty minutes from where they were now. Oh! how they did long to see their father coming, But, alas! no father, and there they were outside, and the fireworks beginning. Thinking that probably he had been kept longer at work than he wanted to be, and was all right otherwise, they did just stop to see the highest fireworks, and then ran away home. They had not gone far when they saw a crowd, and boy-like rushed off to see what it was the people were looking at.

'Only a tipsy man,' cried a passer-by.

'Wonder he wasn't run over,' cried another; 'lying in the middle of the road, all covered with mud. A nice treat to carry home, he'll be.'

'Why! I declare if it ain't Brown!' cried Policeman X., whose beat being just in that neighborhood where the Browns lived knew that family quite well by sight. 'You two boys had best help me carry your father home,' adding, with the kind feeling poor people so often show for one another in hid-

ing their faults, 'he's sprained his ankle, or turned giddy or faint,' said Bobby X., 'and that's how he came to be lying here.'

'Father's drunk!' cried Bob, turning up his nose, and away he ran, before he thought he had been noticed. But he had been—and that was by the master at the board school, who being a man who kept both eyes well open, knew a good many things that he wisely kept to himself until the right time came for doing any good with the knowledge.

'What's happened?' exclaimed poor Mr. Brown, who at this moment had come to a little, and was in a maze as to where he was.

'Why, you tumbled down, somehow,' said the schoolmaster, whispering to the policeman that he would see that Mr. Brown was got home, and Bobby X., thankful to get rid of the trouble of giving in charge, etc., and seeing no necessity for it now, told the crowd to disperse, and walked away himself in another direction.

It was no easy matter to get Mr. Brown home, for, though able to stand, he was very dazed still, and having to hold him up on each side covered both the schoolmaster and little Jack with mud. However, they did just manage it, and, moreover, were not a little pleased to find the neighbors away, at the fireworks some, and others in their back gardens looking at them, and consequently not aware of the miserable condition in which Mr. Brown returned to his own home. The fall, however, had well shaken him—more in body than in mind, unfortunately, for not a word would he say to show that he was sorry; in fact, treated it all as a calamity for which he was not at all to blame. Oh, dear, no! it was the horrid state in which the road was left that he spoke about, and he should make a complaint at the Vestry Hall when he went to pay his rates.

Jack was very good to his father in helping him to bed, and neither did he say anything—thinking, like the nice, sensible boy he was, that it was never the place of a son to scold or lecture his father. He honored his father, as the Bible taught him to do, just because he was his father. Now, though no one would ever have guessed it, little Jack knew now that his father drank, and had, moreover, been drinking for some time past. In listening to the lessons on 'health' in the board school, he could not help putting two and two together, as people say. Such, for instance, as his father was always talking about how nice such and such a drink was, drink that was never tea, or coffee, or milk, or lemonade, but always ale, or 'B. and S.,' as his father called it—every drink, in fact, that had alcohol in it—and how he used to offer it to his sons until they both took the pledge under the schoolmaster's persuasion, and their own good sense as well, as they knew how it did no good in making one stronger and cleverer, but just the opposite, besides costing a great deal of money. And Bob knew all this, just as well as Jack, and yet, knowing it, he never cared enough about his father to try and cure him of his bad habit, and said those words that this story began with, 'I'm sure I shan't take the trouble.'

So the next day, after Mr. Brown's fall, Bob only laughed when his father complained of an aching in all his limbs, and said in a saucy tone, 'Serves you right,' and darted out of the room, seeing how angry his father looked. It was holiday time, and Bob meant to stop out of doors all day, having previously provided himself with some huge sandwiches out of the cold meat he had found in the pantry, and some pence to buy himself gingerbread with, which were lying about, and he hoped would never be missed.

Now, how differently Jack behaved. He determined to do all he could to amuse his father, by reading to him, or chatting about the newspaper events, and telling him how nicely the things he had planted in their little garden were getting on, and getting their prizes to show him. Making the time pass by so quickly that they both quite started when the clock struck twelve, and they knew it was dinner-time. And that Jack had to get it. Yes, get it, my boy-readers, who probably would be greatly puzzled how to perform the feat, but perhaps not so bad a thing if they had to do so now and then—only what all our soldiers and sailors are taught to do, as also our 'swell' young 'grads,' and of course all who wish to be good travellers.

But now came Jack's first tug-of-war as far as the drink was concerned.

'I should like a B. and S.,' said Mr. Brown, 'with my dinner. I feels to want it after my fall.'

'It's very bad to take it after a fall,' said Jack, 'It's sure to make you feverish. Lemonade's the thing for you. So our teacher tells us.'

'Lemonade, that's a poor stuff,' said his father; 'no strength in it.'

'No strength? Why, it kept all the sailors well for a whole year when they went with Captain Cook round the world! And when he'd been before, and had none, all the sailors were ill, and a great many died.'

'You don't mean it, Jack,' said his father, opening his eyes wide.'

'Yes, father, it's history, and all the vessels now are obliged by the sea laws to take lemons on board for the sailors to drink.'

So Mr. Brown thought he would try it, too. And as it evidently suited him, for he felt much better; and, as it cost much less than a 'B. and S.,' that was another reason in its favor. And Jack felt that he had won one score at least that day. And the next day he had less trouble still. His father had been reading some of the school books on the subject, while his boy was very delighted to explain them to him, and both of them agreed how interesting the subject was, these laws of health, and how all the food we take, more particularly what we drink, shows itself in the healthy or unhealthy conditions of the body. Mr. Brown had never dreamt of such things before, and they sounded to him like some magician's story—'more wonderful,' he said, 'than Robinson Crusoe or the Arabian Nights,' two books he was never tired of reading.

And so the time went on, and Mr. Brown gradually became quite well, and one day the schoolmaster came to see him, and being a nice, sensible man, and 'not always driving at you because you take a glass now and then,' as Mr. Brown remarked to a neighbor, who always did harp on the subject ad nauseam, Jack's father gradually became quite a different man.

'And its all your doing, my boy,' he said to Jack, as he patted him on the head. 'You told your dad all about the harm the drink did, and how it was a drink that made us long for more and more until it killed us. Not like water, or tea, or them sort of drinks. We can hardly drink too much of them. Besides, they quench thirst, while alcohol makes thirst.'

And more than all this, if Mr. Brown did not ask Jack to take him to sign the pledge. He didn't say why, and Jack never asked him. But he guessed. Who, then, best kept the fifth commandment, Bob or Jack?
—E. N. Sheffield, in 'Temperance Record.'

Was it Worth While?

(By Adelia E. Thompson, in 'Forward.')

The six o'clock whistle sounded, and the long rows of workmen filed out of the departments of Holt & Scannon's machine shops. In one doorway two men jostled against each other. One, the older, had a crafty face; and the other was a young man, whose dark face, quick and alert, bore already a stamp of forceful energy, yet, at the same time, held a look that might easily grow into one of restless discontent.

'Well,' said Griggs, the older, with the suspicion of a sneer; 'so we've a newcomer; put at your bench, I see. How does he do?'

'Oh, fairly well for a beginner. He hasn't much idea of the work; but he seems willing to learn. Who is he?'

'Don't you know? Well, I can tell you. He is the son of Scannon himself. Put in to "learn the business,"—that is, to get a smattering of it, and then to lord it over us who have been at work for years.'

'I didn't know that,' answered Hugh. 'Haven't I heard that Scannon began as a working machinist himself?'

'Yes; but, that was years ago. There's no such chance for a workingman now. What with monopolies and big corporations, and plants costing hundreds of thousands of dollars, a poor man has no show for life, except to be ground down as far as his employer can or dares.'

'Well, we can't all have the luck to be born rich men's sons,' answered Hugh, with a doubting accent.

'No; but rich men might treat their employees as if they were something better than dirt. Say, Hugh,' Griggs added, 'most all the men are joining the Union Brotherhood. Why don't you come in? We're going to discuss some of these questions at our meetings. You're good on a debate, and I'd like to have you take a hand in it.'

'I haven't had any time for such things. I've been studying evenings; there are some of the principles of mechanics that I want to understand better.'

'And what will your studying do? I tell you, a workman, single-handed has got to have something besides ability these days. We must band together, and force our way up, or we never can break through the crust that holds us down.'

As Griggs passed out into the street he was joined by another workman, who asked:

'Have you said anything more to Hugh Sterns about joining the Brotherhood?'

'Yes, I've just been talking to him about it. I guess young Scannon's coming into the shop will teach him a thing or two. We'll have to handle Hugh a little carefully in the Brotherhood at first. But he is worth it; that young fellow is a natural leader, and if we should come to a strike he would be a power on our side, especially among the younger ones.'

Hugh Sterns walked slowly home that night. He was ambitious, and Griggs's words, as the latter intended, proved a rankling irritant. The knowledge, too, of the new workman's personality, opened before him, with depressing sharpness, the wide extremes of fortune's scale. Griggs as an agitator, had not attracted him, but after all he might be right. It was class against class; the thing for the workmen to do was to unite and make a stand for their rights. He had never felt greatly drawn to the Brotherhood, of which Griggs was a prominent member; but, still, such associations might be necessary, after all.

That same evening Helen Scannon waited anxiously for her brother's return. She had tried to be both elder sister and mother to Harry, and it was with a slight protest that she had yielded to her father's wish that he should learn the routine of the workshops.

'It won't hurt him any. It didn't me,' Mr. Scannon had said. 'He has finished the high school, and this will be another school and equally as good.'

'But Harry isn't very strong,' Helen had ventured, 'and there are all sorts of men among the workmen. He has always been particular about his associates, and I have been, too, for him.'

'It will do him good, and toughen his muscle,' was Mr. Scannon's answer. 'The rough and tumble, the good and bad of life are things he will have to face. He is old enough now to begin and show the stuff he is made of.'

'Well, Harry,' was his sister's greeting, 'and how have you got along to-day?'

'As well, I guess, as a green hand could expect. The young man I work beside was very kind in showing and helping me.'

'Does he seem a nice young man,' she asked, quickly.

Harry laughed. 'He might not exactly ornament a five o'clock tea; but I guess he is all right.'

That was at the very beginning, and the two young fellows liked each other more and more upon acquaintance. 'Helen,' Harry said one day some weeks later, 'that Sterns, who works by me, is an uncommon fellow. Do you know he spends his evenings studying up force, velocity, friction, and gravity as applied to machinery. I tell you it takes a pretty stiff determination to dig into such things after working ten hours. I couldn't do it.'

'If he is interested that way,' said Helen, 'why not ask him here some time. Father has a case of books in the library along those lines, and he might like to look at them.'

'That's a prime idea. I'll do it.'

In the meantime those weeks had not been altogether easy ones for Hugh. He was all the time noting habits, ideas, opinions in Harry that not only seemed to set them apart, in spite of natural liking, but array them against each other. One thing was evident, life to the son of the rich man was far from the serious matter it was to the poor boy who had his own way to make. 'Hugh Sterns is all right,' Griggs announced one evening. 'He is going to join the Brotherhood at the next meeting. Old Scannon never played into our hands better than when he sent that little whipper-snapper into the shop. Ten percent more wages, and an hour's less time, that's the word.'

But one day there was an accident to the machinery, and the shop shut down for the day.

'Sterns,' said Harry, as he laid off his working-blouse, 'my father has a lot of books on momentum, force, and that sort of thing. Come up this afternoon, and look them over.'

The invitation came so unexpectedly, the thought of the books was such a temptation, that before he fairly realized it, he had answered, 'Thank you, I'll be glad to come.'

It was the first time he had ever been inside a handsome house, and he looked around at the luxurious appointments with the inward sense of injustice rising higher than ever. It was with a smart at his heart that he sat down beside Harry at the table in the spacious library, and turned the leaves of the volume before him.

Presently the door softly opened, and Helen, a book in her hand, stood in the entrance. 'You left this in my room, Harry,' she said. 'I did not know but you might want it.'

'Yes, thank you. And, Helen, this is Mr. Sterns, my friend and fellow-workman, that I've told you of. My sister, Mr. Sterns.'

The book had been an excuse to Helen, What she wanted was to see and judge for herself this young man, now one of her brother's daily associates. As she looked at his face, stronger, more manly by contrast with Harry's slight fairness, she felt that it was a face that held as yet no evil, and the promise of much good. And with this came a sense of the different conditions of life, which had deepened its lines beyond its years.

Helen had planned to go to a musical club that afternoon, and her hat and dress were laid out in waiting. But between them and her came the question—Was this careless greeting enough? Ought she not to give more of herself, her interest, her time, to her brother and this stranger within their doors ? They were entertaining themselves; the idea seemed absurd; but was no less insistent. To put aside self for others was a grace Helen Scannon had already learned, and, pausing with her hand on the door, she said: 'You must not devote all the afternoon to books. I shall expect you to tea with me in the music-room at five o'clock.'

'Is that an invitation or a command?' asked Harry, with a smile that showed his pleasure.

'Whichever you choose to call it,' she answered gayly, 'so long as you come.'

To Hugh the whole thing was a new revelation; the tasteful room; the cozy table (not the conventional cup of tea and a wafer, for Helen knew young men's appetites better than that), and more than all, the atmosphere of cordial kindliness that she knew so well how to impart.

He heard there, too, something of Mr. Scannon's early life, the struggles that had beset it, and the responsibilities that still burdened it. And his own reserve yielding, he hardly knew how, his listeners caught a glimpse of the odds against which he had made his way ,and felt a real sympathy with his courage and force.

'I am glad to have met you,' Helen said, as he rose to leave. 'I am always glad to know young men in whose future I can hope.'

Hugh walked down the street with a glow at his heart he had seldom known. Helen's kindliness had touched him deeply. And what energy and perseverence and character had once accomplished in the elder Scannon's case, could they not still do it, in some measure, in his own? Hugh had come to the point where a hand's weight could turn the scale. That had been given, and reviewing some of the problems that had vexed him, he settled them for himself, then and there.

'No,' said Griggs, in the Brotherhood Hall, that evening, 'Hugh Sterns wouldn't come. He gave me a lot of twaddle about the mutual need of labor and capital for each other, and the duty of a workman to perfect himself in his line. More than that, he came out square, and said that he would have nothing to do with any strike, and would use his influence against one; and as the younger ones will all follow him like sheep, that means we can do nothing.'

So, merely from a business point of view, Helen's cup of tea had been worth while—and its larger consequences are not ended yet.

A Veteran's Yarn.

('Nomad,' in 'Toilers of the Deep.')

You want me to tell you a story,
Of the times when I was a lad;
It's a very long time ago, sir,
And my mem'ry's getting bad.

Still, I'll do the best I can, sir,
Though the story's a sorrowful one;
And it brings the tears to my eyes, sir,
Once I've fairly begun.

I was boss of a North Sea 'coper,'
Just twenty and three years ago;
As big a hell as afloat, sir,
No worse could be found, I know.

The fishermen used to board us,
The youngsters as well as the men;
And would drink till they rolled on the deck, sir,
Would sleep, and then drink again.

How well I remember their forms, sir,
As over the rail they crept,
And tumbled into their boats, sir,
Some sprawled in the bottom and slept.

I quite got used to their faces,
Some youthful and all aglow,
Others all puckered, with traces,
Of drink's sad havoc and woe.

Many a fisher I've known, sir,
Fine brawny men, and brave;
Get drunk as could be on a 'coper,'
Then go to a watery grave.

A cloud of vice and shame, sir,
Hung over the great North Sea,
Till came the good ship 'Ensign,'
And set our fetters free.

'Twas thought that she would not succeed, sir,
The wiseacres shook their heads;
But right, not might, must win, sir,
As the banner of truth outspreads.

I went aboard the vessel,
And heard the Missioner talk;
I felt quite like a babe, sir,
A babe just on the walk.

But when they knelt for prayers, sir,
I felt my knees give way;
And down I went on the deck, sir,
And then commenced to pray.

God's light had entered my soul, sir,
Such soul as was left for good;
And when I rose from the deck, sir,
In my Maker's presence I stood.

I made a lasting vow, sir,
To straightway change my life,
And become an honest toiler,
And honor my children and wife.

This is my humble yarn, sir,
But it means so much to me;,
It tells of my conversion,
From the vice of the wild North Sea.

For years the 'Ensign' labored,
Doing good to all around;
And to-day no sign of a 'coper,'
Can be seen on the fishing ground.

The cloud of vice and shame, sir,
Is removed from our fisherlads' sea,
And, thanks to the Mission's vessels,
The fisherfolk now are free,

Free in body and soul, sir,
Free to look all in the face;
Free to enter God's kingdom,
Free to receive Christ's grace.

When I go down to the grave, sir,
My dying prayer shall be;
'God bless the noble Mission,
And the fishermen on the sea.'

Nagging.

A woman who had lost her mother in early childhood, said to a friend: 'Yes, I know she was always suffering, and now when I can realize what she had to bear, I think of her with pity and tenderness; but the effect of the fault-finding and injustice cannot be effaced. It embittered my childhood. When I hear others speak of blessed memories, it cuts me to the heart that I have no memory of motherly, loving words. You knew her so well that it is no disloyalty to speak of it to you. I remember one day—you were in the room, too—when she raged at Joey till I caught up the little sobbing fellow and carried him away, and unhappily he remembers it, and has spoken of it many times.'

The instance is related of an orphan girl who lived for some years in a house where there was continual nagging and fault-finding from mother and father, sister and brothers. She spent a few weeks with a gentle, motherly woman, and on the last day of her visit, as she sat with the loving arms about her, she said, looking up, with a pitiful appeal in the sensitive face:

'Oh, you don't know how sorry I am to leave you. I am sorry for many reasons, but most of all because your voice is so sweet and soft. Some voices—hard, angry voices—seem to go through and through me. I dread to go where I must hear them.'

A vivid recollection of a visit to a summer resort is of an irritable, invalid mother and her unhappy, harassed boy. She nagged at him in the dining-room till the poor child lost all appetite. One morning the father came down alone and explained that the mother was not well enough to come down to breakfast. Whereupon the boy with childlike frankness, exclaimed:

'Oh, I'm so glad!' Then, seeing his father's reproving glance, he explained:

'You know, papa, I'm not glad that she is sick, but I do enjoy my breakfast so much more when she is not here.'

The woman was an egotist. Her own ailments were her continual theme, and the comfort of her husband and child was wholly disregarded.

'I think mamma doesn't like me, auntie,' said another sensitive child. 'Oh, if she would only sometimes seem satisfied with me, and speak to me as you do to Nellie! I used to try so hard to please her, but it isn't any good, for no matter what I do she always thinks it is wrong.'

There are nagging men as well as nagging women, but as the fathers are usually absent from home during many hours of the day, they have less opportunity to destroy family peace. Memories of a mother's sweet voice have led back wandering feet to paths of righteousness; but harsh words of other mothers have driven the children to the broad ways of destruction.—N. Y. 'Tribune.'

My Barley Loaf.

(By Dinnie McDole Hayes.)

This little barley loaf of mine,
So wet with tears, so stained with sin,
I bring to Thee, oh, Christ Divine!
Take it Thy blessed hands within.

The hungry souls about me crowd;
I am too poor to give them bread;
Unless by heavenly wealth endowed
I shall but offer stones instead.

So, Master, take this gift I bring,
This scanty loaf of barley bread,
And multiply my offering
Till hungry thousands shall be fed.
—'Union Signal.'

New Books.

Two books recently published by Messrs. Funk and Wagnall (30 Lafayette Place, New York) are of special interest to 'Messenger' readers, and suitable for Christmas gifts or prizes. 'The Miracles of Missions' (Third Series). By Arthur T. Pierson, D.D., Editor of 'The Missionary Review of the World,' (12 mo., 274 pp. Illustrated. Price, cloth $1.00; paper, 35 cents) is a book for everyone. Dr. Pierson, an old student of missions, has culled from the history of various mission fields chapters of special interest, and has put them together in a most attractive form, in 'The Miracles of Modern Missions.' The third series contains thrilling accounts of pioneer work in Africa, India and the Isles of the Sea, besides our own far North and South America. Later we hope to print an extract from each of these books.

A YEAR'S PRAYER-MEETING TALKS. (By Louis Albert Banks, D.D., 12mo, cloth, 297 pp. Price, $1.00. New York and London; Funk & Wagnalls Company.

The prayer-meeting service is one of the most important institutions for extending church influence. Dr. Louis Albert Banks, the distinguished pastor of the First Methodist Church, in Cleveland, Ohio, has been unusually favored in this department of his work. His evening meetings have attracted large congregations, and many new members have been added to the church. Dr. Banks's prayer-meeting services have been so noteworthy that ministers of various denominations have urged him to publish the series of talks which accomplished so much good in the Cleveland church. This book contains fifty-two short talks for prayer-meetings—one for each week in the year. The book is rich in suggestions and illustrations which can hardly fail to be of practical service to preachers and church workers of all denominations.

"HOME PROTECTION"

"A bad book may break up a home.' If a book in a few minutes may exert an evil influence upon your children, how about the newspaper that enters your home regularly? Insincerity in a paper breeds insincerity in its readers. Impurity in a paper breeds impurity in its readers. Is the influence of your paper sold to any party or to any great corporation, or to any individual interest? Or does it gloat over crime in its news columns? Or does it despise any good cause? Or does it contain stories that have a dash of the unwholesome about them? Or does it insert injurious advertising? Then get rid of that paper, and if you can find none better take none rather than welcome to your home a sheet that may lead you or your children from the path of rectitude. As milk sours quickly in the presence of anything putrid, so susceptible youth is readily contaminated by a book or newspaper. A spark may smoulder a long time before the blaze appears, and people wonder at the cause of the fire. And so people wonder why many young men are on the wrong road to-day, and they do not once suspect the "yellow" or "sensational" press as the cause. Sensational papers and books are sometimes bought because they are the cheapest. But are they the cheapest in the end?—Anon.

CHILDREN BROUGHT UP ON IT.

I am bringing my children up on the 'Witness,' and we all welcome it as a friend.

J. M. EAMES,
Laconia, N.S.

LITTLE FOLKS

'Dan.'

On a certain ranch in Western Nebraska, some years ago, a party of herdsmen caught a young eagle which was unable to fly. Its mother had been killed, so they took it home to their cabin, and kept it confined in a cage.

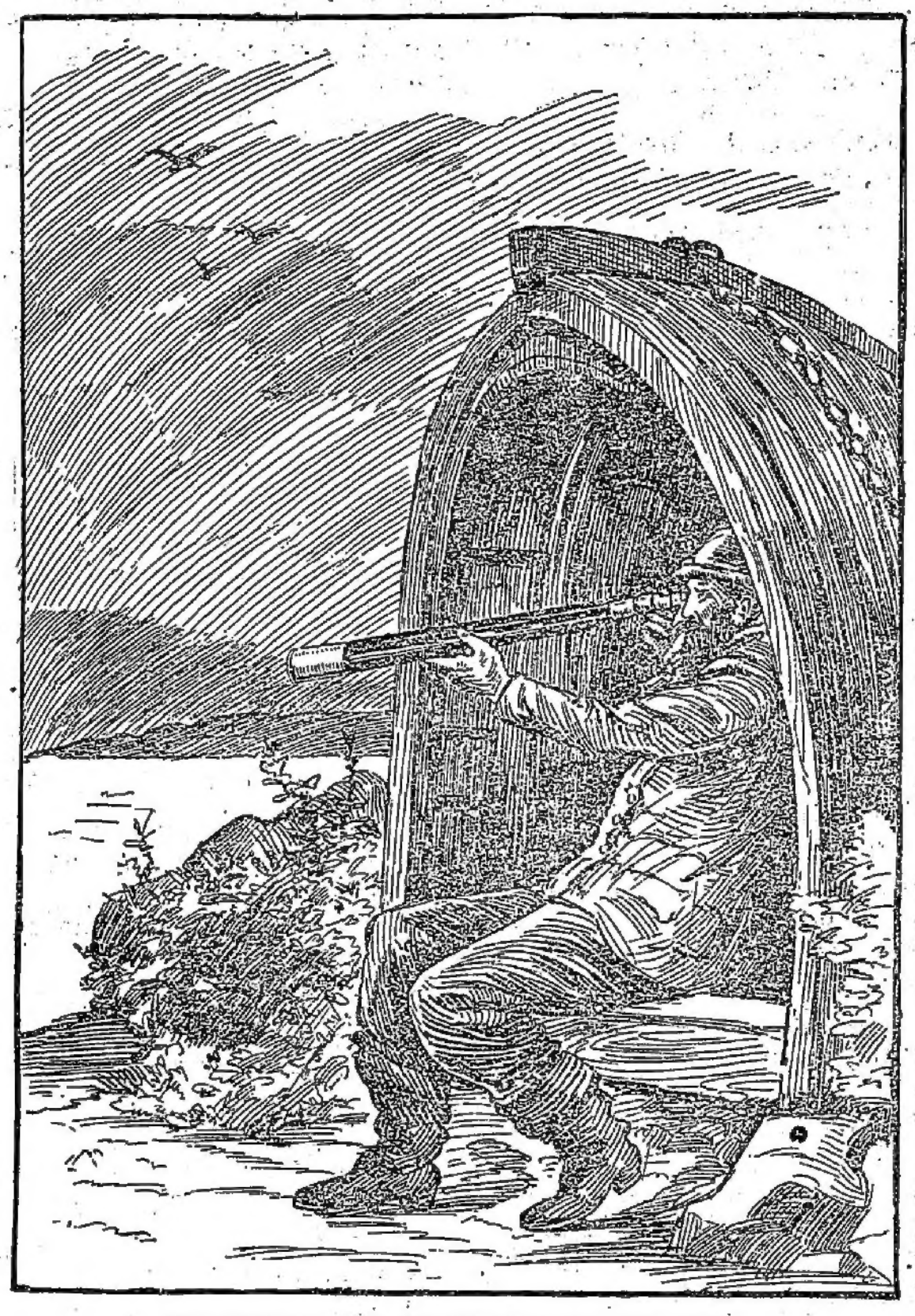
There was a boy named Charlie on this ranch, who entreated his father to let him keep the eagle. His father finally did so, and Charlie took great pleasure in caring for his new pet, naming him Dan. After a while Dan became so tame that the boy no longer kept him in the cage, but had a small collar put around one leg and fastened him by a small chain to a post.

For a long time Dan chafed and fretted under his confinement and refused to eat, but finally came to the conclusion that his captivity was to be permanent, and began to make the best of his situation. As he grew less uneasy under restraint the boy allowed him a longer chain, until finally Dan had quite an extensive range in front of the cabin.

Dan soon learned to come at the call of his name, and would eat from Charlie's hand. He would follow the boy as far as his chain would permit when Charlie went away anywhere, and on his return Dan would be waiting on the edge of his circular range to welcome his master back. He would shake hands, turn somersaults, and perform many other curious tricks. But all the time Dan was solemn and grave as a judge. He never smiled, or even made the attempt.

Sometimes Charlie would lie down in front of the cabin and pretend to be asleep, and Dan would come over very cautiously and pull Charlie's watch from his vest pocket and when the boy jumped up and said, 'Give it up, you thief!' Dan would stand on one leg and hold out the watch in one claw, hanging down his head and looking very guilty.

One summer day Charlie had been running about in the morning, and was very tired. All the men had gone away from the ranch, and Charlie was left alone with Dan. He did not mind this, however, for this very solitude made him safe, and as he knew there were no wild animals near, he lay down in the warm sunlight in front of the cabin and was soon fast asleep, and Dan came up and lay down near him.



WATCHING FOR FIRST SIGN OF THE FISH.

—'Toilers of the Deep.'

Very soon Dan became interested in a long black object that crawled along slowly through the tufts of prairie grass in the direction of the sleeping boy. In a moment his native instinct for fighting with small animals was aroused, and Dan made a rush for the intruder. A warning, ominous rattle halted him but for an instant, then he struck at the serpent with both of his claws. The rattlesnake coiled itself ready to strike, but with a harsh shriek Dan was upon him. The noise awakened the boy, who recognized the danger, and sprang outside of the circle.

It was a desperate encounter; the snake coiled itself around Dan's body and strove to strike him with his powerful fangs, but Dan eluded these attempts, and seizing the rattlesnake in his powerful talons tore it with his strong beak, and in a few moments the snake was dead.

And Dan! alas! the light chain had proved too much of an encumbrance; the poor eagle had been bitten in the fray, and despite Charlie's efforts to save the bird by bathing it in alcohol, poor Dan died. When the men returned at night they found the trio in front of the cabin, the dead rattlesnake lay on the ground, while Charlie was shedding unavailing tears over the body of the dead eagle.

Charlie had grown to manhood now, and only goes to Nebraska occasionally for pleasure; but in his elegant New York home, over the door of one of the parlors, there

is a large stuffed specimen of an American eagle, with a rattlesnake in its claws, while underneath is the legend, 'Faithful Unto Death.' —Western Paper.

Matt and the Bird's Nest.

(By Annie M. Page.)

'Chirp! chirp!' went the little nestlings in their cosy nest. They were enjoying the beautiful sunshine, and it was beautiful! They were a little frightened, too, because the mother bird had gone to get their dinner, and they were left all alone. There were some other little ones out in the sunshine as well, but they were not afraid; they had been in the world much longer than the poor little nestbirds, and often roamed about the fields and lanes away from mother's care. Their names were Sissy, Mat, Tommy, and Sue, and they were on their way home after a long Saturday morning ramble.

'Bird's nest!' said Mat suddenly. His quick ears had caught the sound of the pitiful chirp, chirp, of the frightened little birds.

What does a boy generally do when he thinks a bird's nest is near? You know as well as I do! He pokes about till he finds it, and that is exactly what Mat did. He soon saw the little yellow beaks and thin heads stretching up out of the nest. Sissy peeped over his shoulder

'Oh, do leave them alone, Mat!' she said. 'Poor little things! I wonder where their mother is? Come along; she'll be afraid to go back to them if we stay here. Oh, Mat!' For Mat had already drawn the nest out of the hedge.

'I'm going to take them home and feed them myself,' said Mat, rather crossly, as he saw the reproach in his sister's face.

Tommy and little Sue were looking on with big eyes. Holding the nest very carefully, Mat turned to go over the stile which led towards home, but stopped in dismay.

'It's the minister!' said Sissy, as she dropped a courtsey; and so it was!

'Well, young people, what have you got there?' Mat looked rather red.

'It's just a nest, sir,' he said.

'And some lickle birds,' added Sue, in a tone of great delight. Tommy must have felt that something interesting was coming, for he dropped on his knees, his blue eyes big and expectant.

Mat expected nothing more or less than a sermon on the spot; but 'Who likes stories?' asked Mr. Williams.

'I do,' shouted Tommy and little Sue at once, while Sissy looked eager.

'Will you put the nest back a few minutes where you found it, Mat, while I tell you a story? You can get it again afterwards, if you like.'

This somewhat surprised Mat.

Mr. Williams then sat down on the stile and told them a beautiful story about a man who was put in prison by mistake, although he had not done anything wrong, and how the only thing he had to cheer him was a little bird that used to sing outside the window of his cell, and how that little bird's song seemed to come every day with a message straight from God to him, and made him patient while he was in prison.

Mr. Williams did not shake his head at Mat when he had finished the story, and say he hoped he would never steal birds' nests again. No; when he had finished, he patted Tommy on his curly head, kissed little Sue, and with a kind 'good-bye' to the other two, he went on his way.

I'll leave you to guess whether Mat went back for the nest or not! —'Early Days.'

Unseen Growth.

'Don't keep watching the steeple all the time!' The foreman said it to the little girl. She had been so much excited the day before by seeing the busy workmen clustered about the far point of the steeple. This was when the new church was being built. But this day the steeple was deserted, and the little girl had said to the foreman, 'You aren't working so fast as you were yesterday, are you, Mr. Smith?' And the foreman said: 'Don't keep watching the steeple all the time! It's too windy to work up there today. But run inside and see if isn't coming on pretty well, after all!'

And the little girl went inside, and saw there the planing and the measuring and the shaping of timbers, and all the work upon floors and partitions and great arches. And then she saw that it is not always the steeple that shows best the rate of progress.

In other kinds of work, also, there come 'windy days.' One cannot always work in sight, on lofty steeples. One cannot have always the satisfaction and excitement of seeing others working in open sight. But the work, if it is a good work, may still go on, quietly and steadily and certainly. Be patient! 'Don't keep watching the steeple all the time!'—'C.E. World.'

The Farmer Boy.

Pulling the weeds from the garden,
Driving the cows home at night,
Dropping the corn in the spring-time,
Nailing a pale on tight;
Hunting for eggs in the barnyard,
Looking for turkeys astray,
Carrying lunch to the reapers,
Tossing the new-mown hay;
Riding the horses to water,
Feeding the chickens and cows,
Throwing the hay to the mangers
Down from the fragrant mows;
Whitewashing the corn-cribs and fences,
Gathering fruit from the trees,
Covering the flower-beds in autumn,
For fear of an early freeze;
Pumping the clear, cold water,
Chopping an arm-load of wood—
These are the farm boy's gymnastics;
They're cheap, but none the less good.

—Waif.

Always in a Hurry.

(Priscilla Leonard in 'Band of Mercy.')

I know a little maiden who is always in a hurry,
She races through her breakfast to be in time for school;
She scribbles at her desk in a hasty sort of flurry;
And comes home in a breathless whirl that fills the vestibule.

She hurries through her studying, she hurries through her sewing
Like an engine at high pressure, as if leisure were a crime;
She's always in a scramble, no matter where she's going,
And yet—would you believe it? she never is in time!

It seems a contradiction until you know the reason,
But I'm sure you'll think it simple as I do when I state
That she never has been known to begin a thing in season,
And she's always in a hurry because she starts too late.

LESSON XI.—Dec. 10.

Lessons iu Giving.

Malachi, i., 6-11: iii., 8-12. Memory verse, 10. Read chapter i., and ii., Cor. viii., and ix.

Golden Text.

'God loveth a cheerful giver.'—I. Cor. ix., 7.

Home Readings.

M. Mal. i., 6-11 and iii., 8-12.—Lessons in giving.
T. Deut. xvi., 9-17.—'As he is able,'
W. Luke. vi., 30-38.—The reward.
Th. II. Cor. viii., 1-9.—Christ's example.
F. II. Cor. viii., 10-21.—A willing mind.
S. II. Cor. ix.—A cheerful giver.
S. I. Tim. vi., 6-19.—Ready to distribute.

The Bible Class.

Giving.—Gen. xxviii., 20-22: Deut. xv., 7, 8, 10, 11; xxvi., 1-3, 10-13: Josh. i., 13-15: I. Kings iii., 5, 9, 11-14: Ezek. xx., 12: Matt. v., 42; vii., 11; xiv., 16; xvi., 25, 26; xxv., 42; xxvi., 26-28: Mark x., 21; xii., 15-17: John i., 12; iii., 16, 34, 35; x., 28; xiv., 16; xv., 16: Rev. ii., 10; xxi., 6.

Lesson Text.

Supt.—6. A son honoreth his father and a servant his master; if then I be a father, where is mine honor? and if I be a master, where is my fear? saith the Lord of hosts unto you, O priests, that despise my name. And ye say, Wherein have we despised thy name?

School.—7. Ye offer polluted bread upon my altar; and ye say, Wherein have we polluted thee? In that ye say, The table of the Lord is contemptible.

8. And if ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? and if ye offer the lame and sick, is it not evil? offer it now unto thy governor; will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person? saith the Lord of hosts.

9. And now, I pray you, beseech God that he will be gracious unto us; this hath been by your means; will he regard your person? saith the Lord of hosts.

10. Who is there even among you that would shut the doors for nought? neither do ye kindle fire on my altar for nought. I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of hosts, neither will I accept an offering at your hand.

11. For from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same my name shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered unto my name, and a pure offering; for my name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of hosts.

8. Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.

9. Ye are cursed with a curse; for ye have robbed me; even this whole nation.

10. Bring ye all the tithes into the store, house, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

11. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of hosts.

12. And all nations shall call you blessed; for ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the Lord of hosts.

Suggestions.

Malachi means 'My Messenger,' or 'the messenger of Jehovah.' He was the last of the prophets, and prophesied at the same time as Nehemiah wrought reforms, about B.C. 430.

The Scriptures had become the book of the people through the efforts of Ezra, and the people being able to read the Word of God for themselves were not in such great need of prophetic messengers from God. But Malachi was sent as a last messenger before the coming of the Messiah, just to show them how far wrong their lives were according to the standard their loving God had set them. They had grown lax and indifferent in their ideas of duty to Jehovah, and would soon have been worse off than ever as a nation, if Malachi and Nehemiah had not appeared on the scene and spoken emphatically and acted promptly and decisively.

The accusations brought by Malachi against the people are startlingly plain and vivid. One wonders how such a state of things could have come to pass. God is not mocked. How could these priests offer to Jehovah the imperfect sacrifices, the corrupt offerings? Did they think they could deceive the Almighty ? Did they think God could not hear their wicked complaints, or see their unwilling hearts ? Did they think of the Eternal simply as a great controlling force which must be satisfied? Had they forgotten what the services meant, had they become simply machines? Or had they actually forgotten that there was a God of omniscience ? Surely they could not have realized what they were doing, they did their duties as a matter of course, but having lost the spirit of loving service soon grew to hate the form of service, and to do their work negligently.

They simply forgot God. It is only the realization of God's character that makes man see himself as sinful and in need of a Saviour. It is the realization of God's mercy, that makes man hopeful of salvation. It is the realization of God's claim which makes man ready to give himself and his possessions to his Owner.

Will a man rob God? Yes, and without the slightest hesitation. A man robs God of the life he has created for his own pleasure and glory. It is of little use to offer to God some gifts of money or work when you are withholding that to which he has the first right, your heart's love. The gift without the giver is unacceptable. The man who does not acknowledge God's claim not only robs God, but robs his own soul of its eternal heritage.

If all nominal Christians gave a tenth of their income to God there would be no dearth in the Lord's treasury. At present retrenchment is being cried in almost every department of God's work for lack of funds. But we must give from love and from principle. That which is given for the sake of appearance is not given for Christ's sake. The matter is entirely between our Saviour and our own hearts, the heart must decide by consultation with the Saviour what portion of the income shall be regularly and systematically laid out in distinctive Christian work, and what shall be retained for the necessary expenses of this particular Christian. A lady in New York, having an income of a thousand dollars a year, gives eight hundred dollars yearly toward hastening the coming of the Kingdom of God.

The poor often despise the wealthy because they do not make larger gifts to God's work, but our riches are immeasurable in the heavens, and believing prayer is the only bank note required. If we are niggardly enough to make small requests and to be content with a tiny portion of the inheritance designed for us, our gifts will indeed be parsimonious and unbefitting our rank and dignity as children of God. Therefore he who withholds prayer is more criminal toward God than he who withholds money.

C. E Topic.

Dec. 17.—Teach us to pray. — Luke xi., 1-13

Junior C. E.

Dec. 17.—Christ's ascension command; how can we carry it out? Acts i., 8: Matt. xxviii., 16-20. (A missionary meeting. The Island World.)

The Holy Spirit.

Our blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us on earth to dwell.

He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
And all as viewless, too.
—Harriet Auber.

Opium Catechism.

(By Dr. R. H. McDonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER I.—WHAT OPIUM IS.

1. Q.—What is opium?

A.—The hardened juice of the poppy plant.

2. Q.—Of what country is the poppy a native?

A.—Asia, but it is now in cultivation in Europe, and America, also.

3. Q.—Is it the same plant which we see grown in gardens for its bright flowers?

A.—Yes, although the true opium poppy is a large, white, single flower.

4. Q.—From what part of the plant is the juice which makes the opium extracted?

A.—From the great, round, green seed-cup which grows in the heart of the flower.

5. Q.—What is this juice like?

A.—It is white as milk, and sticky to the touch.

6. Q.—How is this juice obtained?

A.—Collectors go out in the poppy fields in the early morning, and gash with a sort of knife all the full-grown seed-cups.

7. Q.—What for?

A.—That the milky juice may run out. This juice is afterward gathered and put in shallow dishes, where it dries up first into a jelly, and then into a bitter gum.

8. Q.—What is this bitter gum?

A.—Opium.

9. Q.—How long does it take the juice to dry into opium?

A.—About five weeks. While it is drying, it is stirred, beaten, and when it gets harder it is kneaded and rolled into cakes or balls.

10. Q.—Describe opium?

A.—It is of a reddish-brown color. When cold it is brittle, but heat softens it. It is very bitter and burning to the taste, and has a strong narcotic odor.

11. Q.—Where is the best opium made?

A.—In Asiatic Turkey. India makes the greatest quantity of any country.

12. Q.—Is opium very expensive?

A.—Very, and it is the most valuable and wonderful drug ever discovered.

Nettie's Doubt.

Nettie Hynd, was ten years old when she went to a school kept by a lady who took only a small number of girls. Nettie enjoyed this change very much, and every evening she had much to tell her mother and sister about her new companions. But one evening when she had been about a week at school, she came in and sat down to tea, and finished it almost without speaking. At last Nettie said, while slowly buttering her last bit of bread, 'Mother, do you think I need to go to the Band of Hope meeting to-night?'

'Why, Nettie,' said her mother, surprised; for Nettie was in general so eager about the meetings; 'have you so many lessons to prepare?

'No,' said Nettie; 'I have time enough; only—is there much use in my going?'

'Why, Nettie!' exclaimed her mother, setting down her cup and looking at her little daughter, 'what are you thinking of now?' and her elder sister Jane, who was walking up and down with the baby, stood still to listen.

'Well,' said Nettie, hesitating, 'this afternoon I remembered it was meeting night, and I asked some of the girls if they were going, and they all laughed so, every one of them, and asked me if I was afraid of being a tippler.'

'Oh, Nettie!' said Jane, 'would you give up for fear of a laugh?'

'No,' said Nettie, 'I don't think I care about a laugh, if it is for a needful thing; but, that's just what I don't know. I don't think Miss Rigby thinks it needful, mother.'

'Did she say so.'

'No; and she told them not to laugh at me; but I saw that she was half smiling herself; and when they asked her, she said that she saw no harm in a glass of wine

now and then. And you know, mother, I would never be a drunkard.'

Mrs. Hynd sat looking into the fire for a few minutes without speaking, and then breathed a deep sigh.

'I will tell you a story, Nettie,' she said, 'a true story.'

'Well, mother,' said Nettie, looking anxiously at her mother's face.

'You have heard me speak of my sister, Nettie.'

'Yes; your sister Ellen, that was so pretty.'

'She was my only sister. She married when I was sixteen, but we could not bear to be parted, and I was almost as much in her house as at home. How proud I was when there came a lovely little baby boy for me to nurse! He was such a good, merry little fellow, and I loved him so much that I never liked to have him out of my arms. When he was half a year old, like our little Annie, there, his mother had a dangerous illness. We all thought she would have died. Nettie, I sometimes afterwards wished that she had.'

'Oh, mother!' Nettie breathed out, trembling.

'When she got better the doctor ordered her two glasses of wine every day. After two or three months I asked her if she was not strong enough to give it up, but she said that she could not do without it; and very soon, Nettie, I began to see that poor Ellen had become so fond of the wine that she did not wish to do without it. In a little time it came that two glasses did not satisfy her, nor three; and, oh, Nettie, it is sad to tell you—but before her baby, Jamie, could walk, my sweet sister was a drunkard.'

'One day when he was just beginning to walk, I brought him from the garden. There had been a visitor, and Ellen was sitting at the table with glasses and decanters beside her. Jamie ran to her knee, and when she did not attend to him, he began to pull at her dress, and the table-cover, and one of the decanters fell with a crash on the floor. She did not know what she was doing, Nettie. She clenched her hand, and with one blow on his little soft forehead, struck him to the ground. He gave one little faint cry, and his bright eyes turned up and closed. I rushed forward and lifted him. His face was white—his lips blue.'

'Oh, mother!' whispered Nettie, pale and trembling, 'was he dead?'

'No; he did not die then; but he was never strong afterwards. Poor Ellen loved him dearly, and when all feeling was not deadened by drink, nursed him tenderly and mourned over his failing health. But she would not give up the sin. He lived to be two years old, and then sank, after a few days' illness. Even on the day he died his poor mother had been endeavoring to forget her sorrow in wine. I had him on my lap, and she saw that the end was near. She began to cry and tried to take him in her arms; but he turned his face quickly away, and moaned, "Auntie, auntie." And there, in my arms, he died, refusing to the end to let his poor mother touch him.'

'And what became of her, mother?' said Nettie, wiping her eyes.

Mrs. Hynd shook her head. 'She only grew worse, Nettie, and very soon the end came I trust that in the days of sickness that were mercifully given her, she did truly repent and seek pardon through the Saviour; but it is a sad, sad story.'

'Mother, said Nettie, as she rose, after a long silence, to go for her hat and cloak, 'I'll go to the meetings as long as I live. It would be a terrible thing if I turned out a drunkard.'—'League Journal.'

Drink in Disease.

We read in the public press that Dr. Lesser, Surgeon-General of the American National Red Cross, after his return from his first visit to Cuba, strongly condemned the use of alcohol as a medicine as the result of his experience there. He stated that four out of six patients to whom he allowed liquor to be given, as a concession to the popular idea that it was necessary, died; whilst subsequently in treating absolutely without alcohol sixty-three similar cases, the fatality was confined to one, who died upon the day on which he was received at the hospital. Such evidence as this is most valuable.

Correspondence

Lower Millstream, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I think I would be lost without the 'Messenger,' I like to go to school, I like it as well as I like my holidays. I like to skate. The 'Messenger' goes into many places where no other paper is that is like it. Near the wood where I live there is a large pond, and it is excellent skating sometimes. At Christmas we have a concert in which we get presents and candy. I wouldn't mind if there was a Christmas every month.

GEORGE H. P., aged 11.

New Glasgow.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, and I have milked the cows since I was eight years old. I was in Montreal for my last Christmas holidays, I enjoyed myself very much. I got some nice books as presents, and I read them in the evening to Papa and Mama. We have lots of fruit here in summer, and there are nice lakes. I have only one brother. He is married, and is in British Columbia. I have no sisters. I have taken the 'Northern Messenger,' for several years, and I pay for it out of my own money. I like to read every word of it.

M. MARCIA M., aged 12.

Salmon River.

Dear Editor,—I would like another letter from 'Lily G. S.,' She tells us about the place. This is a pretty place, but very rocky. Papa keeps a store. We have a Band of Hope. I am a member, and I am on the entertainment committee. We have nearly always over fourteen pieces to be heard, and then nearly all the time is gone. The Dufferin mines are making this place boom pretty well. People are driving teams, and taking coal and other machinery in. Papa has a wharf, and they landed four four-ton boilers on it.

GRACE W., aged 11.

Middleville.

Dear Editor,—My father is Clerk of Lanark township, My grandmother has taken the 'Witness' for about fifty years, and I like to read the Boys' Page. I live on a farm consisting of about 200 acres. We have a Y. P. S. C. E. in our village.

J. C. R.

Oakland.

Dear Editor,—My papa is captain of a small vessel of forty-nine tons. She sails from Mahone Bay to Halifax, and her name is the 'Bessie L.' I have one brother and one sister. In winter, when there is skating, we have plenty of fun; but I like to go on the ice-boat best. I had a splendid sail on an ice-boat in March.

GORDON L.

Hemmingford, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—The carpenter has been working at our kitchen. We have put up a brick house lately, a two-story house. I live on a lovely farm. My father and mother are living, and my grandpa and grandma, and I have got three brothers and one sister, named Edith. We have got about fifty hens.

CHARLIE M., aged 11.

Head Line, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I fell into the water-box the other day, and got nearly drowned. I go to kirk every Sunday. We got an organ for it last fall.

FRANK, aged 4.

Acton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. I used to live in Scotland. I was four years old when I came to this country. Acton is a small place. I live on a hill. We have electric lights here now.

VIDA F.

Burrell Road, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—This is another letter from the little girl on the Thames river, in the township of Caradoc. My sister got some persons to sign for the 'Messenger,' and she tried to get more. We have a pet dog, and he will pull us all over our farm.

ALMA, aged 10.

Grand Arcadie.

Dear Editor,—My aunty takes the 'Messenger,' and has lots of pets. Two little dogs, one, named 'Spider,' is very old. He will be sixteen his next birthday. He cannot hear very well, and is blind in one eye. The other one is a little gray, woolly dog, his name is 'Jack,' he takes care of the kittens. It is quite funny to see them all huddled up together, fast asleep, in a little box.

FRANK, aged 8.

Bedford.

Dear Editor,—I live in the pretty town of Bedford. My father is a minister. We just have a step to go to our Sunday-school. Papa goes to another place every Sunday, and I go with him when I like. I have ten books to study, and there are twenty-nine scholars in our room.

HAROLD R. W., aged 10.

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I often go out to my grandpapa's farm, in the country, and see his tame monkey; its name is Jock; and it likes to climb up the house and barn.

H. A., aged 10.

Cross Point.

Dear Editor,—In renewing my subscription to the 'Northern Messenger,' I would like to tell you how much we all like it. My brother took it for several years, and my mama used to have it in her old home, when it was called the 'Canadian Messenger,' My papa takes the 'Weekly Witness,' and my brother takes the 'Sabbath Reading.' I live on a farm, three miles from a post-office. I go to school, and also to Sunday-school. We have a very good library, and this week we are reading 'In His Steps.'

ANNIE, aged 9.

Ayer's Flat.

Dear Editor,—I have never met anybody who has the same birthday as I have, July 7. I like Ella May's and Hazel Rosenia's letters very much, and I hope that they will write again.

UNA, aged 10.

Foxboro, Mass.

Dear Editor,—Papa takes the 'Daily Witness,' I am glad papa came back from the Klondike. He tells me lots of nice stories about the Indians and Huskies. I have a nice teacher and a very nice Sunday-school teacher.

MONA, aged 8.

Matawatchan, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have two sisters, but no brother. My sisters are both younger than myself, and they are so nice and full of fun, that I don't mind being without a brother. I have a nice little axe and I think that I can cut the kindling wood next summer. I like going to school, all the boys and girls are so nice, and the teacher is nice, too. We all like the 'Messenger' very much, as I think everybody does; and I do like the little letters. Ma reads them for us.

ISAAC ABNER, aged 7.

Woodbridge.

Dear Editor,—Aunt Sarah, in India, wrote to Vera and me for last Christmas, and told us about the monkeys, what comical things they are. They come and peep in the windows when Uncle John is preaching, and make the children laugh. The mother monkeys take their babies in their arms, and the babies put their arms round their mother's necks; just like human beings. We had an entertainment at our Sunday-school on the Tuesday after New Year's, and Vera said a piece she had learned out of the 'Messenger,' called the 'Model Little Girl.' Grandpapa has given us fifty cents each to send to Mr. Dougall, for those people who are coming from Russia, and grandma is sending it with hers. We enjoyed reading the Christmas stories in the 'Witness,' and 'Messenger' That was a very nice letter you wrote to the little folks in the 'Messenger.'

ETHEL and VERA.

Burlington, P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—I received your paper the 'Witness' as a premium for new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger.' I thank you very much for the 'Witness,' and wish the 'Messenger' every success.

L. J. E. (aged 14.)

THE 'DAILY' AND 'WEEKLY WITNESS,'

'Witness' Building, Montreal.

TO 'MESSENGER' READERS:

Dear Friends,—Judging from an estimate of church attendance throughout Canada, we believe you will agree with us that the Daily and Weekly 'Witness' should have a much larger circulation than it has. Is it not so in your particular neighborhood?

To those whose post-offices are too distant to receive the Daily on day of publication, we will make the Special Club Offer. Two copies of the Daily 'Witness,' and two copies of the 'Northern Messenger,' for one year, to two separate addresses. All for $4.40. This does not bear your full share of the cost of production; but we realize that it may be worth more to those who get the Daily 'Witness' on the day of publication. We expect the reduction will greatly increase the circulation of the Daily 'Witness,' and consequently the earning power of its advertising columns.

Of course, you know that it takes money to run a newspaper, and that the Christian newspaper is unable to avail itself of many sources of large revenue open to a worldly press.

It may be whispered in this connection that the 'Witness' refuses, on moral grounds, and in the interest of its readers between thirty thousand and fifty thousand dollars annually, for advertising which it might have, not to speak of the very substantial support it could enjoy were it willing to sell its political independence to one or other party, and so betray the confidence of its readers. That some papers, enjoying what we regard as illegitimate gains, may be able to cut the subscription price lower than we can, is to be expected. On the other hand, an intelligent public will appreciate sufficiently, clean, responsible, independent, journalism, to give it their support, and, lacking the support from injurious advertising and political tooting, it simply MUST depend upon an appreciative clientele.

After the publishers have done all in their power, there is still something more to be done, and that is to be done by the subscribers themselves, and the reading public generally. You know, as we cannot, those in your locality who are likely to be interested in the 'Witness,' and who do not already take it. Won't you send us the names of such on a post-card? It will help us greatly. And they will be pleased at our sending them the Daily 'Witness' free of charge for a short time.

Or we will send the Daily 'Witness' to any one who has not been taking the 'Witness,' from the time his subscription is received to July 1, 1900, for $1.00, ON TRIAL. We want to greatly increase our circulation this year. Won't you help us and yourselves by sending $1.40 for a club of two Dailies and two 'Northern Messengers,' to separate addresses, for one year? It is expected that one of the parties to each club will be a new subscriber. The other may be the one sending in the club.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

THE 'DAILY WITNESS.'

'The War Situation.'

These are eventful, history-making days. A daily is, therefore, a necessity with most people. And most people take one or other of the great city dailies. Some take two dailies. The 'Witness' is selected by many because they believe they find in it 'the facts of the case.' Certain it is, that the sensational press, in manufacturing news to keep up the interest, or in coloring highly uninteresting news, do more to create false impressions than true ones. The daily article on 'The War Situation,' which appears in the 'Witness,' will be found the best consecutive daily history of the war that is published. The 'Witness' has been much complimented on this feature. Those who read the 'Witness' will be well informed, and surely truth is more interesting than fiction, when the life and death of our brothers and of nations are in the balance. A 'Witness' motto is—News—at the earliest possible moment, as accurate as possible, not the product of imagination, but fact, and both comprehensive and complete. Those who really are anxious for the news will find it in the 'Witness.' Those who read the 'Witness' regularly will certainly be well informed. The subscription rate is $3.00 per annum, or it may be obtained in connection with the above club offer.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER.'

'Black Rock.'

The 'Northern Messenger,' is a twelve-page illustrated weekly, and is a fine budget for Sunday reading. It is specially interesting just now, as that famous Canadian story, 'Black Rock,' in which are depicted the stirring experiences of a young minister among the miners and lumbermen of a Rocky Mountain camp, will be begun with the New Year. To get this book in paper cover would cost fifty cents, and 'Messenger' subscribers will get the story serially, besides all the other good things which make the 'Messenger' so popular, for the small sum of 30c. a year. Or it may be had in connection with the club offer made above.

Either of these Club Offers would make a fine Xmas or New Year's present to a friend, ensuring, at a trifling expense, daily and weekly reminders throughout the year.

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One copy Daily Witness and Northern Messenger,	$3.10
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The above offers include both publications to January 1st, 1901.

Address. JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

'NORTHERN MESSENGER.'

'Witness' Building,
Montreal,
December 1, 1899.

Dear Friend,—

We would like to draw your attention to the reasons which have combined to give the 'Northern Messenger' the largest circulation of any paper in Canada designed for Sunday reading.

It is cheap, almost beyond comparison, This feature gives it a particularly strong hold on the Sunday-schools. The average collection of the scholars is probably not more than 50c. a scholar per year. Now, if this is all given back to them in the shape of papers, there is nothing left over for the running expenses of the school. Nor on the other hand, is there anything left over with which the school can interest itself in missions. And a school without a little to give, either to the home or foreign missions lacks the binding influence of a common cause. Can your school, then, afford to pay 40c. or 50c. for its paper. If not the 'Messenger' is your paper, as it can be supplied, in quantities at the remarkably low price of twenty cents a copy per annum.

The quantity of matter every week is another telling feature. Its twelve pages of matter every week, well illustrated, cover a diversity of interests. The Sunday-school lesson, temperance catechism, and the home, have each a section apart from the general Sunday reading of which the paper is composed.

Will you not make an effort to get the paper introduced into your Sunday-school, if it does not already distribute it. Remember, that Ralph Connor's great story, 'Black Rock,' is to be one of its many attractions during the coming year; and that we are trying to get 10,000 new subscribers. The first chapter of 'Black Rock' will appear early in the year.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

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Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son, and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'